Charles Kunkel.

FIREFLY!

CARPRICE DE SALON

PAR

C. A. GARRAT.

AUTHOR OF:

Orchestral Festival March,

Triumphal Wedding March,

Swinging Song No. 1 & No. 2.

7½

St. Louis, Mo., Balmer & Weber, Publishers.

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FIREFLY

CAPRICE de SALON

COMPOSED BY

C. A. GARRATT.

Intrada.

rall:

Tempo di Mazurka.

3748 = 8

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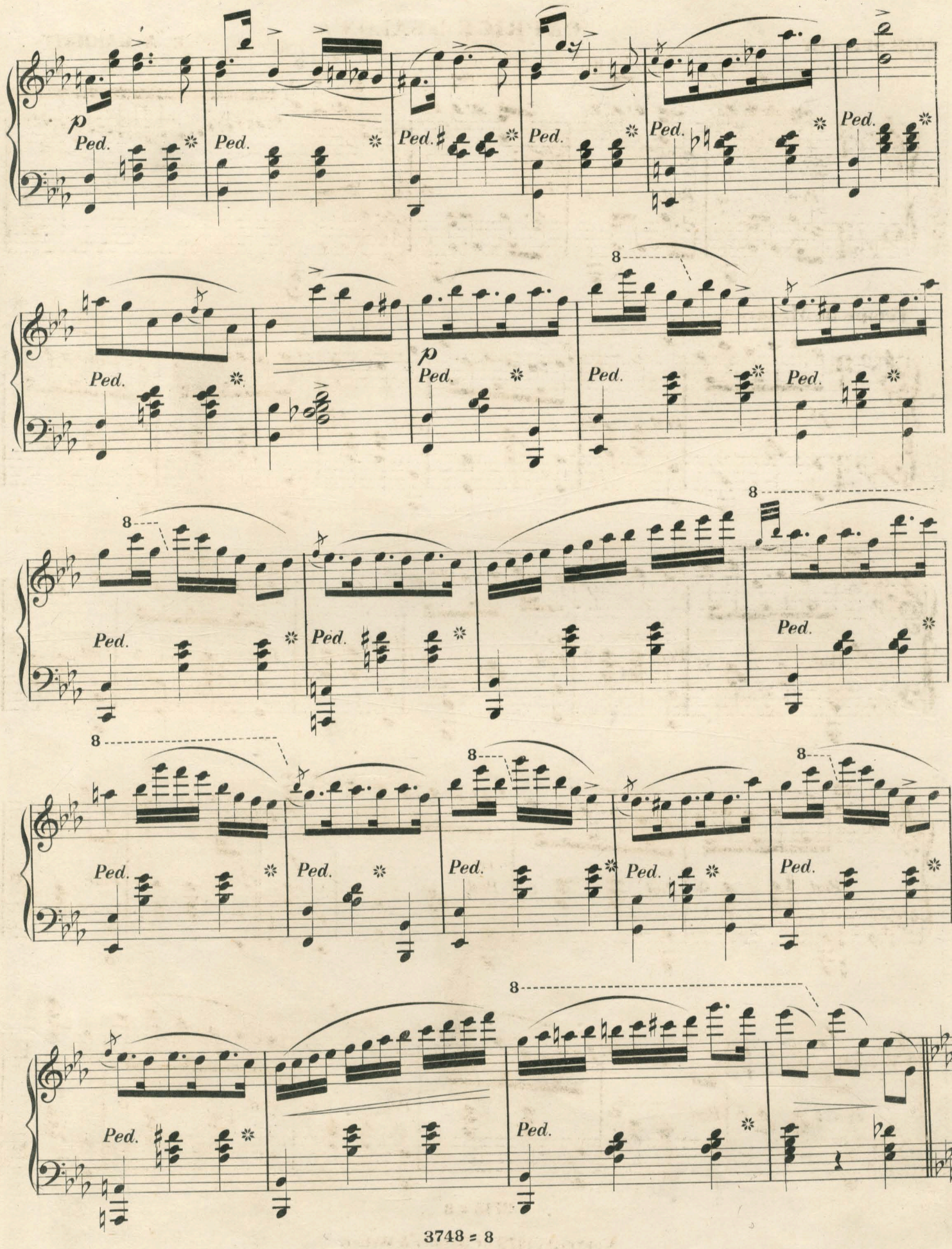

p
Ped.
8

pp lusingando

Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

cres: decres:

Ped. Ped. Ped.

Ped. *mf* Ped. Ped. Ped.

8

ff Ped. *p* Ped.

8

Ped. *f* Ped. Ped. Ped. *sf*

f Ped. Ped. cres. Ped.

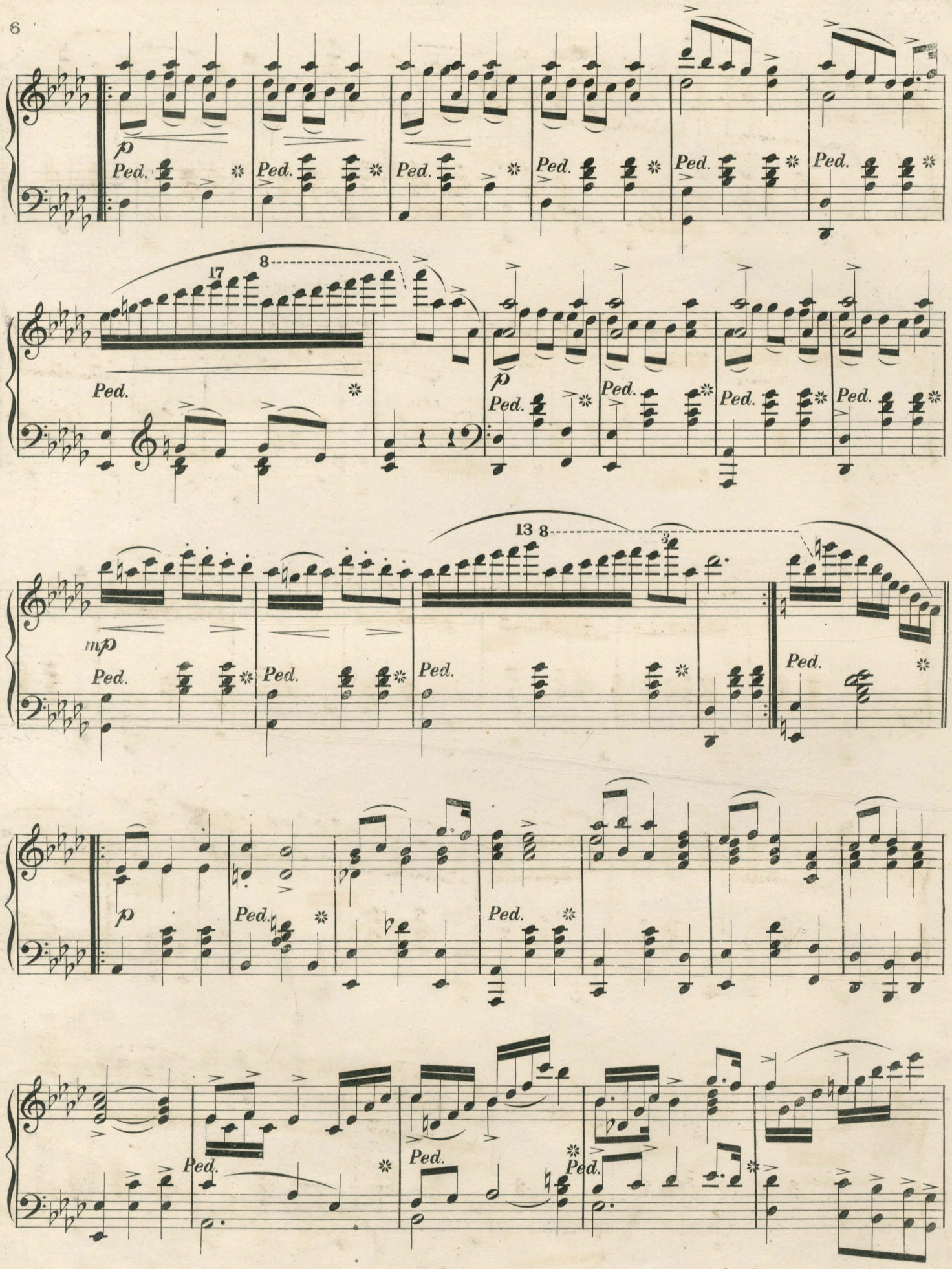
p Ped. Ped. Ped.

Ped. Ped. Ped. *p* Ped. Ped. Ped.

f Ped. decres. Ped. *p* Ped. Ped.

8

Ped. Ped. Ped. *f*


p
Ped.
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13
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8

Ped.

Tempo primo.

p

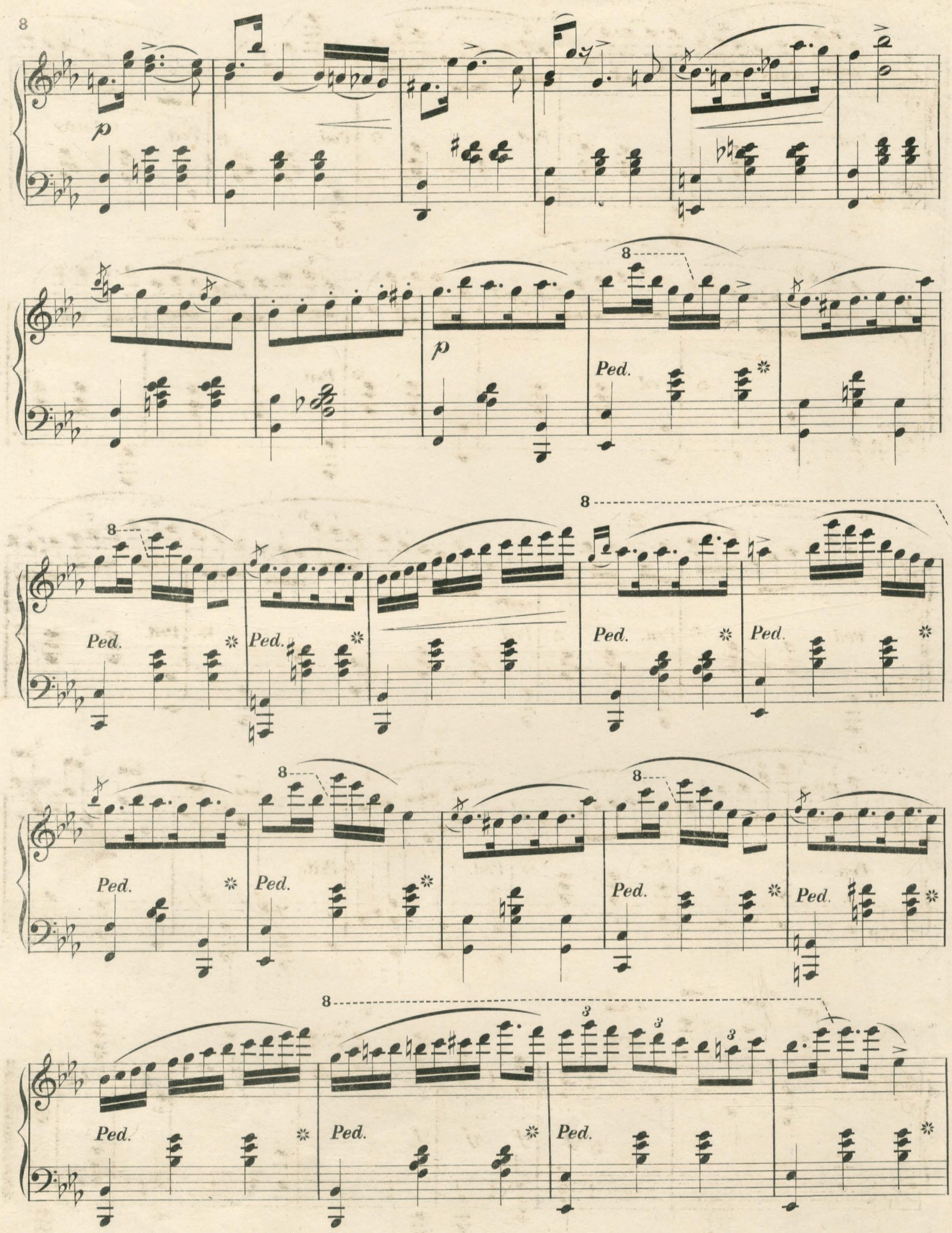
rall:

8

p

cres:

sf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3
3

8 Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped. velocite

8 Ped. Ped.

8 Ped.

8 Ped. Ped. Ped. velocite Ped.

8 Ped. Ped. Ped. Ped.

8 sf sf sf sf

BY THE FAVORITE AMERICAN COMPOSER,

GEO. W. PERSLEY.

Angels Guard Thee, Birdie Darling.

(SONG AND CHORUS.)

Words by John T. Rutledge. Music by Geo. W. Persley.

Angels guard thee, Birdie darling,
For I'm going far away,
To that land that has no sorrow,
To that land of endless day;
There forever to be happy
Darling with the angels bright,
Where I'll meet you Birdie darling
In that land of pure delight.

Glad Tidings from over the Sea.

(WALTZ SONG AND CHORUS.)

Words by John T. Rutledge. Music by Geo. W. Persley.

1. I was lonely last night, little sister,
While thinking dear loved one of you;
I was longing to hear from dear mother,
For I know she remembered me true.
'Twas ere long since I heard from you darling,
Since you wrote, sister darling, to me,
And your missive has made me so happy,
With tidings from over the sea.

Elegant Chorus:—

Yes, your letter is laying beside me,
And I'm happy as happy can be,
For you've sent to me, dear little sister,
Glad tidings from over the sea.

2. Oh you said that my sweetheart, dear Nellie,
Was weeping and pining for me,
That she seemed oh so sad and so lonely
Since I had sailed over the sea.
But I'll soon be returning, dear sister,
To my home far over the sea;
Give my love to my friends, little sister,
And kiss Nellie darling for me.

God Bless the Little Ones at Home.

(SONG AND CHORUS.)

Words by John T. Rutledge. Music by Geo. W. Persley.

1. How oft to those who wander far,
From all they love so dear,
How oft to those a loving smile
Will fill their hearts with cheer.
How oft when mem'ry wanders back
To those we leave alone;
God bless, our lips will oft repeat,
The little ones at home.

3. How hard to part with those most dear,
Who fill our hearts with joy,
Who comfort us throughout our years,
Nor ever cause alloy.
How hard to kiss one's loves good bye,
To cross the rolling foam;
God bless, with tearful eye we say,
Those little ones at home.

Daisy is an Angel now.

(SONG AND CHORUS.)

Words by John T. Rutledge. Music by Geo. W. Persley.
Lithograph Title.

When the spring had cloth'd the orchard
With its blossoms bright and gay,
Sweetest flowers tinged the woodland,
Smiling winters frown away.
Then 'twas Daisy came to cheer us,
Little darling, pure and free,
None were half so blithe and merry,
None were half so sweet as she.

Darling, I have been so Lonely.

(SONG AND CHORUS.)

Words by Thos. P. Westendorf. Music by Geo. W. Persley.

Darling, I have been so lonely,
And the years have seemed so long
That I've waited for thy coming,
Listened for thy welcome song.
Fold me closer to your bosom,
Press me to your loving heart,
Say that you will never leave me,
Promise that we shall never part.

Meet me my Darling to-morrow.

(BALLAD WITH CHORUS.)

Words by D. C. Addison. Music by Geo. W. Persley.

Meet me my darling to-morrow,
Something I'm longing to say,
Come like a sunbeam of beauty,
Meet me to-morrow I pray.
I know of a place where the roses
Mingle with the lilies so fair,
The violets will nod you a welcome,
And daisies will smile on you there.
Oh! meet me my darling to-morrow,
Down where the wild flowers grow,
Come like a beautiful sunbeam,
While I'll be waiting for you.

She Played on Nine Pianos.

(IRRESISTIBLY COMIC.)

Words by Wm. Arlington. Music by Geo. W. Persley.

Oh one and all attention give,
And a song I now will sing,
For I've hit upon a subject
Which I think's the very thing.
You may talk about your handsome gals,
Your Betties, Kates, and Hanners,
But the sweetest gal I ever saw,
Oh! she played on nine pianos.

Mother's Darling.

(BEAUTIFUL BALLAD.)

Words by Irene Stiles. Music by Geo. W. Persley.

Mother's darling, dearest treasure,
Mines of gold could never buy,
Diamonds could not yield such pleasure
As the light of thy bright eye.
Treasure that no treasure buyeth,
I've a casket here for thee,
Deep within my heart it liveth,
Where my gem shall ever be.
Hush thee darling, hush thee my treasure,
Tired of sunlight and of day,
Tired of toys and tired of pleasure,
Tired of laughter and of play;
Mother's darling, precious treasure,
To my heart now nestle, dear,
'Tis the casket for my treasure,
Safely find thy shelter here.

Mamma! why don't Papa Come Home?

Or Lost on Steamer Stonewall.

This was Mr. Persley's ***FIRST GREAT HIT,*** and is still in great demand.

Words by J. S. Murphy. Music by Geo. W. Persley

Mamma! why don't papa come home? why does he stay away?
He has been gone from us, you know, a week since yesterday;
And then you sigh and sob, mamma, as if your heart would break,
And all last night you wept, mamma, and kept me wide awake,

Fine Chorus:—

But now, mamma, dry up your tears,
And cease your sobs and sighs,
For bye and bye, we'll meet papa
Far above the skies.

God bless you, dearest, darling boy, papa will never come;
You'll never see his face again, nor kiss him welcome home.
He's gone, where you and I, my boy, may meet him bye and bye,
Within that fairer, better land, beyond the stars on high.

Don't be Sorrowful, Mother.

(SONG AND CHORUS.)

Words by Geo. Cooper. Music by Geo. W. Persley.

1. Don't be sorrowful, mother, I pray you,
Though I'm going to leave you to-night.
Linger near me and comfort your darling,
Till I go to yon mansions of light;
All around me the glory is beaming,
Clasp my hands in your own ere I die,
Fold again in your arms little Willie,
Kiss me, mother, a loving good bye.

Beautiful Chorus:—

Don't be sorrowful, mother, I pray you,
When I've gone to my home bright and fair,
Blessed angels will ever protect you;
Promise mother dear you'll meet me there.

3. Don't be sorrowful, mother, I pray you,
Weep for Willie, your darling, no more;
Soon my footsteps, so weary and feeble,
Shall be treading yon beautiful shore.
Think of Willie on each coming morrow,
Sweet the sound that I hear on the air;
Angels call me away from you, mother,
Heaven protect you from sorrow and care.

Come Back my Darling.

(SONG AND CHORUS.)

Words and Music by Geo. W. Persley.

Oh dark was the day my love went away,
It left my poor heart full of sorrow,
And I told her good bye with a tear in my eye,
As I parted with sweet Jennie Morrow.
She promised me then that her heart would be true,
And I know that her promise she's keeping,
For she is as pure as the bright morning dew,
That falls while the flowers are sleeping.

Very Sweet Chorus:—

Oh come back my darling, don't wander away,
Come back to the heart you are breaking,
And I'll sing and be gay and welcome the day
When your dear little hand I'll be shaking.

Promise you never will tell.

(SONG AND CHORUS.)

Words by Arthur W. French. Music by Geo. W. Persley.

Promise you will never tell love,
And I will whisper to thee
Words that with mystic spell love
Ever shall bind you to me.
While the sweet daylight in glory,
Fades over mountain and dell,
List to my heart's gentle story:
Promise you never will tell.

Elegant Chorus:—

Promise you never will tell love
All that I ask of you is this;
Here as we stray in the dell love,
Promise me it with a kiss.

Promise you never will tell love,
And there is something I'll say;
Words that have lain like a spell, love,
On my poor heart all the day.
While the sweet twilight is lying
Softly on meadow and dell,
List to my lips' tender sighing,
Promise you never will tell.

The Heart will keep its Memories.

(BEAUTIFUL BALLAD.)

Words and Music by Geo. W. Persley.

The flush will fade from cheek and brow,
The sweet smile wane and die,
The freshness leave the coral lip,
And dim the brightest eye;
Youth, beauty, hope, and happiness,
And love may die at last,
But the heart will keep its memories
Till life itself be past.

Oh! Tell Me that You'll Come Again.

(SONG AND CHORUS.)

Words by Geo. Cooper. Music by Geo. W. Persley.

1. Oh, tell me that you'll come again,
Nor bid me wait so long;
My heart shall live in weary pain
To hear loves tender song.
The stars will never look so bright
When you are gone away,
The world to me is darkest night,
For you are still my day.

Chorus:—

Oh, tell me that you'll come again
Wherever you may be,
I'll sigh for you in anxious pain,
O! come, O! come again to me.

2. I still shall keep within my heart
Each word of love you speak;
The summer birds may all depart,
My truant bird I'll seek.
I'll watch for you at twilight hour,
When winds are breathing low,
And kiss the frail yet lovely flower
That you gave me long ago.

Across the Dark Valley.

(EASY DUETT WITH CHORUS.)

Words by Thos. P. Westendorf. Music by Geo. W. Persley.

1. Across the dark valley to mansions of light
Our dear one, our loved one has gone,
No more to wander 'mid shadows of night
Afar from the world and its scorn.
Softly the spirit has left its poor tomb,
And gone to the Father that gave
A home in exchange for the sorrows and gloom,
A home far beyond the grave.

Chorus:—

Sweetly the angels are singing to-day
Far up in that beautiful home,
And softly the voice of our Savior says,
Let all the weary ones come.

2. The bright eyes are closed, never to open again,
The little hands clasped over her breast,
A loving heart free from all sorrow and pain,
And weary feet now are at rest.
Calmly she's sleeping while far above
The beautiful gates open wide,
And angels are singing their sweet songs of love
To welcome her over the tide.

Cruel Hezekiah.

(HUMOROUS SONG AND CHORUS.)

Words by Arthur W French. Music by Geo. W. Persley

1. Kind people, tell me have you seen
A tallish sort of fellar?
He wears a suit of bombazine
And carries an umburrellar.
From home and me away he ran,
And I do much desire
To find him if—I only can,
This cruel Hezekiahr!

Jolly Chorus:

O cruel Hezekiah! deceitful Hezekiah,
To think that you should prove untrue,
Oh cruel Hezekiah!

2. He used to call me pretty Pearl,
His darling little Venus!
Until a good for nothing girl
Did go and come between us.
She's ran away with that e'er chap
That's prov'd himself a liar,
Oh how I'd like the face to slap
Of cruel Hezekiahr!

Don't You douch dot Nose.

(DUTCH CHARACTER SONG.)

Words by Thos. P. Westendorf. Music by Geo. W. Persley.

Oh I have got some truble mit dot little frou of mine,
She bodders me my life oud when she blays dot game so fine.
I never got some habbiness, no matter where I goes,
She's always rount und blaging me aboud dot little nose.

Refrain:—

Go away, Katreen, dond you douch dot nose,
Dond you dry to make me aggravation,
For it was as putiful as de charming rose,
D'was de pride of de Yankee Doodle Nation.

D'was pout a week ago last nighd, I come by my house,
I crawled me rount de woodshed down, so quiet like a mouse,
De steeble clock vas striking three und den the rooster crows,
I know if Katreen vas catch me she's going to pull dot nose.